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# Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
—COWPER



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January, 1935

No. 1

An International Congress of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be held at Brussels, July 31-August 4, 1935.

The number of deer killed in our New England and other States during the open season is never known. Not all who kill them obey the law and report. But Heaven alone knows the number of those wounded unto death who crawl away in misery to die.

Any reader of this page who will send a postal for free copies, to distribute wisely, of "An International Appeal" for saving the sea fowl of this and other lands from the fatal effects of oil-polluted waters, which cause the death of millions of these birds, will be doing a very vital service for the humane cause.

The Union of South Africa by Act of Parliament has secured legislation compelling the stunning of all food animals before use of the knife. When animals are slaughtered in any number, they must be led in one by one. Cattle for Jewish or Mohammedan consumption are exempted from stunning but must be driven in one by one and mechanically cast.

Congratulations to the Animal Welfare Society of South Africa for the splendid work accomplished!

We wish we could please all our readers. Why, we are sometimes asked, don't you confine your magazine to articles about animals and quit writing about war and peace? Because our magazine is the organ not only of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals but also of the American Humane Education Society as well, and when this latter Society was founded by Mr. Angell, 45 years ago, its purposes were declared to be to oppose war and strife and violence, to plead for peace among men, and to widen in every way the spirit of brotherhood between men and nations. To continue to uphold and further these purposes has been the joy and service of his successor.

## Dog Racing in Massachusetts

THIS was legalized by the popular vote November 6, last. The most of us here in the East know something about horse racing. What do we know about dog racing? Very little. We have been seeking information from sections of the country where it has been permitted. Here is a re-

A gruesome description of methods used to train greyhounds for racing purposes was given by state humane officers August 28, 1933, after they had arrested three men on charges of cruelty.

Live rabbits, dangling helplessly from poles by means of strings run through the



LIVE RABBITS DANGLING HELPLESSLY FROM A POLE BY MEANS OF A STRING SEWED THROUGH THE ANIMALS' HIDES, WERE USED AS "BAIT" FOR TRAINING GREYHOUNDS

port from California published in *Our Animals* in 1933.

### Cruelty in Training Racing Dogs

Almost unbelievable cruelty to animals was charged in Los Angeles, August 28, 1933, when three men were arrested training racing dogs to chase rabbits by Officer H. G. Grandy.

animals' hides, were used as "bait" for the greyhounds being trained by Dan J. Oswald at 747 Redondo Boulevard, Los Angeles, according to the arrest report.

In addition to Oswald, his asserted assistants, Bob Hamilton and Albert Boehlert of 836 West One Hundred Sixty-seventh street, were arrested by Officers H. G. Grandy and J. L. Ewing, working for the State Commis-

849355

sion for the Protection of Children and Animals.

Grandy made several photographs as evidence to support his claim that gross cruelty was part of the training routine.

After watching two rabbits being caught and torn to pieces by two greyhounds, Grandy and Ewing stopped the electrical device which whirled the animals around the track and cut down one live rabbit intended as "bait."

At numerous tracks near Los Angeles greyhounds race nightly, pursuing a stuffed rabbit which circles the track at high speed, propelled by electricity.

Grandy and Ewing said they visited Oswald's training camp and saw Boehlert fix a live rabbit to the pole, using a heavy piece of string in "sewing" the animal.

"Then Hamilton released two greyhounds on a signal from Oswald, who was in a control tower 100 yards away," the report of the arrest stated.

"The electric racing machine was started with the rabbit dangling from it and, when the machine was about 25 feet past the starting line the dogs were released. After the machine had traveled about 75 yards, the dogs caught up with it, snatched the rabbit, and tore it to pieces."

The day's training was halted after two rabbits were torn to pieces. The officers took the three men to Seventy-seventh street police station. Oswald told the officers he had instructed Hamilton to kill the rabbits before sewing them to the machine. Grandy said "The rescued rabbit was held as evidence."

Later upon trial of the defendants, Oswald was fined \$300 and each of the trainers, \$150.

Complaints have been received by the San Francisco S.P.C.A. that in San Mateo county where two greyhound racing tracks are being operated trainers have used cats and live rabbits to keep their dogs in condition for the mechanical rabbit racing.

Officer Hennessy for the State Humane Association and Officer F. Thomas of the Palo Alto Humane Society have been watching for these trainers who take their dogs in trailers and go a long distance from their kennels to the flat open country where rabbits are turned loose. Officer Hennessy found one trainer with several dogs and seven rabbits, one rabbit having just been killed by two dogs.

We follow this with a letter just received from the Secretary of the San Francisco S.P.C.A. in which he writes:

Answering your inquiry will state that when the mechanical hare was introduced we hoped it had put an end to rabbit coursing but instead it has brought a greater amount of cruelty than before. In the coursing, as you probably know, a hare was released, usually a wild rabbit, and two dogs released to pursue and kill it. Occasionally a fast rabbit did get away but more often it was torn to pieces. In the rabbit racing, dogs are muzzled and chase after the electrically controlled stuffed hare. The hurdle races are the cause of the death of quite a few racing dogs each season but when we investigate we find it was an "accident" and could not be helped.

There are no greyhound racing tracks in

San Francisco but in San Mateo adjacent to San Francisco there are three, and over one million dollars changed hands in the gambling end of the game last year. It has brought an undesirable element from all over the United States—gamblers and dog owners—and since one track is just over the San Francisco county line we have considerable trouble with dog owners allowing their dogs to run at large, killing small dogs and cats. Many complaints come to us of dogs so injured.

Owners claim young hounds must have the taste of blood to have a chance to win chasing the stuffed hare. Two places I know of, one near Los Angeles and one in Mountain View, Santa Clara County, about 40 miles from San Francisco, have an electric controlled training machine which runs around a circular track. A stick projects from the machine and a live white bunny is tied to the stick, sometimes by the hind legs so its front feet touch the ground at times when the machine is in motion; dogs are then turned loose unmuzzled and they tear the terrified creature apart. We arrested the men involved at Mountain View but a jury could not agree. They believed the defendant who said he killed the rabbit just before the machine started. Officers near where the rabbit was caught testified it was kicking and cried as the dogs seized it. In Los Angeles the fiends sewed the rabbit with a string through its hide and allowed the dogs to tear it to pieces. Three men were tried by a judge, convicted and fined \$600 in all.

Enclosed find tear sheets with account of above case. You will note where over 100 dead rabbits were found killed previous to the arrival of officers.

Last year we had a bill introduced to stop coursing but it met with opposition by the coursing men and the bill died in committee. From what has developed since then, we need to extend the protection to rabbits used in these training machines.

An editorial writer in the *Boston American* says:

The racing dog, carefully bred so that his natural intelligence is dimmed down to a mere glimmer of wit sufficient to shag an electric rabbit, gives the man the best he has. And is repaid by the chiseling brother and sisterhood with a quick and scientific death after his period of usefulness is exhausted.

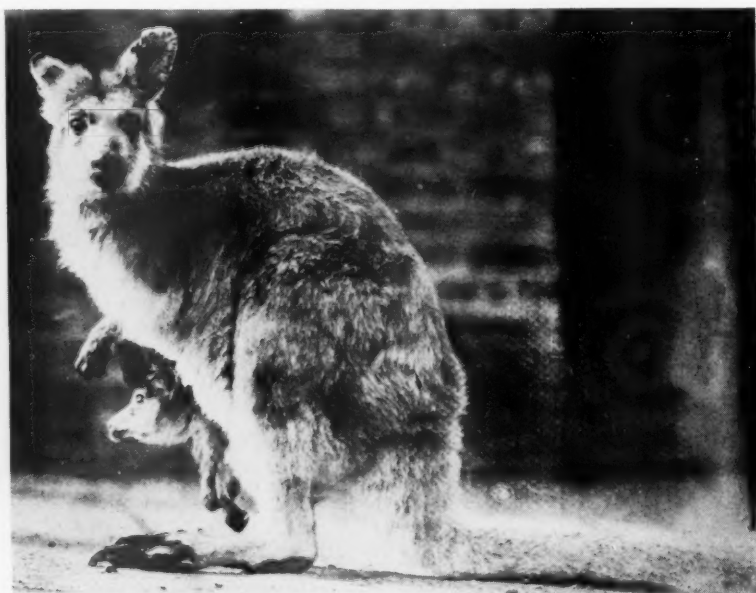
If you think the horse racing guild contains an unscrupulous element, with a mixture of low and frowsy characters, you should witness the form of moral depravity which follows the dogs.

Quite a different report comes to us from the American S.P.C.A., New York, where dog races have occurred. Officers of the New York Society have repeatedly visited these races held near New York City and write that they are so conducted there that though carefully watched no prosecution for cruelty has occurred.

For all that, the lovers of dogs the nation over will regret the growing popularity of this "so-called" sport. Outside the cruelty feature, what of the gambling one? Forty-two million dollars bet at the Rockingham, N. H., and Narragansett, R. I., horse racing-tracks this last year; the most of the money from Massachusetts. How many who will want welfare help this winter squandered their savings at these places?

## The Baby Kangaroo

The young kangaroo is very small and helpless for some time after birth. Into her warm furry pocket the mother puts her tiny "joey," as the natives call it. For the first few weeks it lies completely hidden in the maternal pouch, but by and by it pushes its head out of the cozy pocket and takes its first look at the world. Later it comes out and feeds on its own account, but always hopping along near the mother. At the least sign of approaching danger the mother kangaroo stoops forward, opens wide the mouth of her pocket, the youngster jumps in head first, and together they make off for safety.



SAFETY FIRST

## The Colts

JUDY VAN DER VEER

*We lay in the grass on the pasture hill,  
And the colts came wandering by,  
They stared as though they thought that we  
Were strangers from the sky.*

*Their nostrils trembled, their eyes were  
great,  
Like shadowed eyes of deer;  
With curious and half-shy steps  
Their restless hoofs drew near.*

*The tall colt we call Pepper Tree  
Bent down his head to mine,  
And I lay soundless as the dead,  
Without a breath or sign.*

*I felt the quiver of his lips  
Against my face and throat,  
And I could feel the golden warmth  
Of sunlight on his coat.*

*The smell of sage was in his mane,  
His breath was sweet with grass;  
I raised my hand half fearful lest  
This wonderment should pass.*

*He tossed his head and all the colts  
Went running down the hill;  
We watched until they stopped and stood  
Like pictures bright and still.*

## A Secret

ALAN DEVOE

*My friends see two white horses in a field,  
Grazing in every weather side by side;  
But I to whom the secret is revealed  
Have seen profoundest love and sternest  
pride.*

*I see "Min" shamble through the clovery  
grass,  
And "Belle" walk always just a pace  
behind,  
Aping, like some reflection in a glass,  
Each step, each turn, each start and halt  
in kind.*

*And so it goes in sun or wind or rain,  
Nor could one in that quiet patience find  
One smallest hint of flinching or of pain,  
Or ever guess that she called Belle is  
blind.*

## "Sandy"

Written by the President of Miami University,  
Oxford, O., in memory of his late dog

*A Scottish gentleman has passed this way,  
A very gallant Scottish gentleman.  
He tarried with us for a golden day —  
We shall not look upon his like again.*

*He wore his tartan with an easy grace,  
His head was high, his step was light and  
free.  
Love and devotion lit his rugged face —  
He was a very bonny sight to see.*

*Loyal he was in battle for his own;  
Heart of a lion in a pygmy form.  
Death overtook him but he made no moan —  
God grant the sun upon his grave be  
warm!*

## For Love of a Horse

A True Story

THOS. H. SHERMAN

FRED L. HANSON, of Gorham, Maine, has passed the allotted three-score-years-and-ten milestone, still carrying on cheerily, ready to do a good turn to anybody he meets. In this respect he stands above the crowd as does his six feet four inches of height unbent by the years. In early manhood, to avert threatened disease, he took to the open road. His chief occupation is that of transporting household effects and such across the street or across the continent—north, south, east and west. He tells of many interesting episodes encountered in his long trips. The following, told to the writer, will especially interest lovers of horses.

On a farm in the outskirts of Gorham dwelt for many years a dear old couple who managed and tilled the farm, and made a comfortable living. They were happy until recently, with old age creeping on them, they consented to go to spend the remainder of their days with a daughter in the northern part of the state. The old gentleman was a familiar figure in the village streets with his old, feeble white horse hitched to a rattling antique buggy, going from house to house to sell his produce.

On the day before that set for the moving the farmer drove into the village to engage Mr. Hanson for the moving. His purpose, he said, was to have mother go down by train and he would drive old Dobbin down alone. He would take some hay along for the horse and a few sandwiches for himself and the dog. "Oh," said Hanson, "you can't do that." You are not able yourself to make that more than a hundred-mile journey, the horse couldn't do it in a month, and the old buggy with every tire loose would fall to pieces before you got half way. Now, let me make a suggestion. Go home and get one of your good neighbors to take Dobbin into the woods and shoot and bury him. You and your wife shall ride with me in the cab where she will be more comfortable than she would be on the train, considering

the changes necessary, and it will not cost you a cent extra. No. It is too risky. You musn't think of driving down, not even of driving the twenty miles to the train."

After much hesitation the old gentleman, finding it difficult to believe that he couldn't drive the old horse as he always had done, agreed to this plan.

Bright and early the next morning the van was backed up to the farm-house door. Neighbors from miles around had gathered to bid their old friends "Godspeed." Neighbor George was there with his gun prepared to take Dobbin on his last trip and put him mercifully to sleep. Then, as Dobbin came to the gate and whinnied his usual "good morning," his master put his arm around his neck and led him to George. As George took the halter the old man broke down completely. "George," he said, "I can't let you do it. I can NOT let you do it. This old horse has been my best friend for more than twenty years. He loves me and he knows that I love him. I would rather let you take me to the woods and shoot me. No, I can not bear it."

This was Hanson's cue. He said, "George, while I am loading up with everything in the house you make a crate for Dobbin. There's plenty of lumber lying around loose here. Make it good and strong and to fit so that he will not be jolted too much where the going is rough. There is a crate here for the hens and you can make a small one for the dog. I will make room for them all in the van." The joy of the dear old man at this solution of his problem can well be imagined.

The crate was placed in the van. Dobbin marched up the plank and into the crate just as if he understood the situation, the hens were tucked in on one side and the dog on the other, the big doors clamped and off they started.

Before sundown they arrived safe and well, everything was distributed in the new home, and Dobbin was pastured near by where he could spend his last days and come to the gate every morning for his lump of sugar and his friend's caress.

Of the re-united group no one was happier than Mr. Hanson.



A PROUD MOTHER AND HER FOAL

## Feeding Sparrows in Winter

ELLA McELLIGOTT

NOW that the branches are bare and green growing plants and roots are disappearing, the sparrows will soon face the yearly problem of getting something to eat in winter.

Every boy and girl, and adult too, should consider it his duty to feed the sparrows and other birds that stay with us in cold weather. It takes but a minute to place a few crumbs of bread or a handful of grain on the fence, in the yard, or in any other place that the birds can easily find.

The person who assumes this pleasant duty will be rewarded by the feeling that he has done a worth while task in conserving valuable bird life. Also, he will be gladdened by the happy chirp of the little birds as they joyfully pick up the feast set for them.

Sparrows enjoy uncooked rice grains, raw oatmeal flakes, softened bread, and cake crumbs. Put a little of any of these foods on an old tin cover or broken dish and place it on the fence or tie it to a tree. It will not be long before the grateful birds will discover your offering, and then will quickly invite all their friends to dine.

However, birds, like all boys and girls, and grown-ups, too, are not particular when they are hungry, and they will eat almost anything. Give them whatever is left from the table, and they will quickly leave the dish bare. From experience I know they will eat meat, potatoes, vegetables and fruits, all mixed together with water.

It is better not to throw crumbs or food on the ground as the rain or snow will wash them away. Then, too, cats and dogs who pass by, sometimes eat the food before the birds have a chance to feast. Of course dogs and cats have to be fed also, but, as a rule, they have a home, get regular meals and can make out better than the birds.

The birds quickly get to know their benefactors, and they will stand and chirp before your house in thankfulness. You will enjoy many happy moments watching them from the window as they nervously pick up bits of food and fly off with it to their nests, where young birds may be waiting to be fed.

After the birds become accustomed to coming to your grounds for food, they will be disappointed if at any time you neglect to set out something for them. They will stand mournfully, five and six in a row, without a sound, looking in toward the house very dejectedly, as much as to say, "It's dinner time. We're hungry." Then when you hasten to give them something, they will show great activity, hopping about and calling all their friends to join.

Many people do not like sparrows, as they say they are noisy and destroy gardens. On the contrary, they are constructive workers, as they eat pests and worms that are not desired in any garden.

Imagine how uninteresting life would be without the song of even the sparrows. Their little chirp is a friendly note in a dark day. To be awakened in the morning by the sparrow's song is a great privilege and an experience that will stay long in the memory. Birds have a mission to perform, as do all of us, and we must co-operate and help them during the period when nature is asleep. Will you do your part?

## Family Fun with Birds

JULIA K. BYINGTON

UNTIL a year ago our family had never taken any particular interest in either summer or winter birds. Now even our girls of seven and eleven have an intimate acquaintance with the more friendly



CHICKADEE LEISURELY EATING FROM HAND OF SEVEN-YEAR-OLD

of them and an interesting knowledge of many others.

Some gorgeous crested blue jays, resplendent in an attire of several lovely shades of blue and gray with a black streak which made a veritable necktie, first sampled the contents of our feeding tray on the porch. We have been irresistibly amused to watch their acrobatic performances; to hear their raucous scolding when suet was substituted for their favorite, the plebeian doughnut; to see a greedy jay stuff his bill with six to eight huge pieces.

The blue jays were soon joined by two pairs of chickadees, the birds most loved by our children. So small they were and yet so confiding and friendly that they seemed almost domesticated. We cajoled them into eating from our hands until one gay, pert little fellow ate there by preference, even when the tray was full. When he arrived on the porch, he would alight on the windowsill and with head on one side, proceed to tease in bird fashion for some member of the family to put in an appearance. Oftentimes he would leisurely eat his fill from the hand of our seven-year-old. However, any other chickadee stayed only long enough to select the piece of doughnut which most intrigued him. Then he flew nimbly to the woodbine and securing it firmly under a tiny foot took small, hurried bites until all the outside was eaten. Then he let the undesirable portion fall to the ground, while he blithely secured a fresh morsel. If your children have never known the thrill of a

tame chickadee, they have an extraordinary pleasure awaiting them to which the city child's movie is in no way comparable.

A pair of downy woodpeckers, affectionately called "Bill" and "Mrs. Bill," a pair of hairy woodpeckers, "Harry" and "Harriet," have been particularly amusing to watch and study. The woodpecker's bill is so constructed that he bores for grubs, worms, and bugs in the crevices of trees and poles. To watch such a bird trying to eat doughnuts from a level shelf convulsed us all with laughter. After repeated efforts to swallow a small piece, Bill decided that it would be the part of wisdom to tuck this strange food into a crevice and consume it in comfort. This proved to be a very satisfactory method. Harry promptly adopted a stick used in banking the house for his purpose, a stick accommodatingly left for him until late June! Later the woodpeckers became much more expert at eating directly from the table. To see Harry shinnying down the blind to reach the window shelf, using his tail as a prop and to hear him uttering his loud but cheery squawk at each step, has brightened many a day for our family.

One sunny day in late April two tiny red-breasted nuthatches tested and approved the contents of our feeding shelf, making funny little cracking noises the while. In about ten days we discovered them in the process of making their nest in a decayed limb of an elm tree in the yard of our next-door neighbor, boring vigorously into the wood with their sharp, powerful bills. While the female worked so actively, the male made frequent trips for doughnut tid-bits which he tucked into her mouth as he uttered sympathetic little messages to her. When it was his turn to work at the nest, the little lady treated him likewise. The children were heard to remark that "the nuthatches board with us and room next door!"

After these nimble birds began nesting they would drive our favorites, the chickadees, from the feeding tray. So tame they were that it took the persistent waving of a broom in a threatening manner to ward them off long enough for the chickadees to appease their hunger. The sight or sound of a chickadee on the porch—and they insist upon announcing their arrival with a friendly chirp—was the signal for a nuthatch to rush to the scene, apparently on the verge of starvation unless sustenance was forthcoming immediately.

For eight days these remarkably persistent workers, the nuthatches, continued their arduous labor by turns, evidently very solicitous of each other's welfare. After the passage was many inches deep, no vacuum cleaner aided them in ridding their home of accumulated shavings. No indeed; they picked them up in their bills, went to the opening and dropped them to the ground. All of us watched the activity of the little homemakers, astonished at the progress they made, working from dawn until nearly dusk. Their departure after nesting-time left a real void in our lives for their ceaseless activities, their persevering efforts had been an enlightening source of deep interest to us.

One of our chief joys in the nesting season was in providing material for the new bird homes. We put out soft cotton and watched the chickadees, now mutually tremulous and affectionate, gratefully use it for their nests; we put out more cotton for the flycatchers and vireos; we attracted the robin with long streamers of white cotton cloth and watched joyously while Mrs. Robin put them into her nest on our porch, leaving many lengths dangling. The sparrows selected feathers and string from our offerings, unmolested in their activities by the troublesome English sparrow which is unknown in this locality (Peacham, Vt.).

Included in the list of fifty varieties of birds watched with eager interest by us were the lovely bluebirds and waxwings, the vivid oriole, the meadowlark, the goldfinch with his irrepressible songs, the pine grosbeak, the tyrant kingbird, the bobolink, and many sweet-voiced sparrows. In your locality the assortment of birds will be a different one but equally interesting and amusing to watch. It costs very little to feed these wildlings, and a twenty-five cent wooden chopping bowl full of water will serve in lieu of the more decorative but expensive bird-bath. An interest in God's little feathered creatures so constantly cheerful, so persistently industrious, so varied in their habits, will be a revelation and an inspiration to any family circle.

## No Bull-fight for the Rotarians

The report that at the Rotary International meeting to be held in Mexico City next June there was to be a bull-fight led us to inquire as to the veracity of the report. We could not believe that an organization with such a record could give its approval to so brutal and barbarous an exhibition. Several letters from officials finally brought the following which many of our readers will be glad to see:

Roanoke, November 9, 1934

Dear Dr. Rowley:

President Hill's secretary has sent me your letter of October 24th to him regarding the rumors which you have heard to the effect that there was to be a bull-fight among the entertainments that would be furnished to the Rotarians at the time of our convention in Mexico City next June.

It had been suggested that a bull-fight be scheduled as one of the events of our entertainment program—however, after consideration on the part of our committee it was definitely decided that a bull-fight will not be a part of the entertainment program for our forthcoming convention. Therefore, you are at liberty to state that the report which has come to you is without a foundation of fact.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) ED. R. JOHNSON  
Chairman, Convention Committee

Child Labor Day is the last Sunday in January. Hitherto an annual appeal has been made for the co-operation of all churches and schools. Now co-operation is needed to enforce the new law against the employment of children.

## The Friendly Western Quail

WINIFRED HEATH

**B**OB-WHITE has some handsome relatives in the West, one of the best known being the valley or California quail. Balboa Park, San Diego, with its 1,400 acres of trees and flowers, shelters many quail and other bird families.

One morning I watched a California quail come running swiftly and gracefully to the top of a leafy mound near by. He came so close that I could see the soft gray of his chest feathers with the velvety brown throat patch and its delicate outlining of white which seems to be nature's special quail design. He was a color symphony of soft grays and warm browns, very good to look at as he stood there, his handsome curved crest held high.

Presently his sober-colored little mate came running along, followed by a friend. The two little lady birds pattered around, scratching for seeds and insects, just like barnyard hens, while the lordly male kept guard.

Later in the season I came back to the same place and found an addition to the family in the shape of a dozen or so fluffy baby quails. Nothing in nature is more charming than a mother quail, with her musical low chuckling, and the swift movements of her intelligent babies. It is no wonder that the valley quail has become such a favorite that it has been adopted as the official state bird of California.

Within recent years the California town of Yreka played host to a flock of quail whose natural food had all been covered up and hidden away by heavy snows. The birds would congregate outside the town hall where they attracted even more attention than the city fathers.

The plumed or mountain quail lives up in the high Sierras and only comes down to lower regions during bad weather or to look for food. He is more deeply colored than the valley quail and has a straight, tall crest which he carries high or curved back according to the mood of the moment. He is further distinguished by an ornamentation on each side, a kind of mosaic in feathers,

brown, black, and white, very striking against the velvety gray of the body plumage.

The Douglas quail is a native of Mexico who is said never to have crossed the international border. His general color effect is a soft blend of blues and browns, with light grayish spots, and a black throat patch instead of a brown one as found on his California cousin. He is also different from other Western quail in having a kind of modified neck ruffle of tiny black and white feathers.

The cheery call of the quail, his beautiful plumage, and friendly nature have made him popular everywhere. He has an added virtue for the farmer, for he consumes immense quantities of weed seed, and destructive insects. Let us hope that some day the whole world will follow the fine example of Ohio, a state which has given the quail complete protection by removing it from the list of game birds.

After watching that little quail family in Balboa Park I am wondering how any human being could consider it "game" to destroy anything so lovely, brave, and confiding. In spite of centuries of persecution the brave little quail is still willing to be friends. Let us justify his faith.

Man with his burning soul  
Has but an hour of breath  
To build a ship of truth  
In which his soul may sail—  
Sail in the sea of death,  
For death takes toll  
Of beauty, courage, youth,  
Of all but truth.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Tak any brid, and put in a cage . . .  
Although his cage of gold be never so gay . .  
For ever this brid wol doon his bisnesse  
To escape out of his cage, if he may;  
His libertee that bird desireth ay.

CHAUCER



THE VALLEY QUAIL OF CALIFORNIA

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1935

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for Our Dumb Animals are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

## The Deadly Oil

A Letter

OUR "International Appeal" for action to stop the discharge of oil into the coastal waters of this and other lands because of its fatal effect upon millions of the world's waterfowl is having a wide circulation, 7,000 copies have already gone out of our offices. Even from foreign countries have come requests for copies for distribution.

The letter that follows comes from a physician, resident near our own Massachusetts' shores, which is well worth reading as endorsing and confirming our "Appeal":

"My dear Dr. Rowley,

"Your 'International Appeal' has been long delayed. I have written and talked on this line for at least ten years, and now we are seeing the last of our waterfowl. Conservatively speaking, there are not half the birds this season over last year and most species have reached the vanishing point, from which there is no recovery. Cheap politicians, oil pollution, over-shooting and drought are the elements which have contributed to this end, in about the order given. What influence you have should be used immediately and fearlessly if intended to be of service."

We regret to say that though copies of the "Appeal" are sent free for distribution only two of the hundreds of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in this country to which copies were sent asking for co-operation in giving the pamphlet a wide circulation, have manifested any interest in the subject.

A request for 500 copies of the Appeal came, while the above was being written, from the International Wild Life Protection and, with the request, the report that at the session of the Conseil Internationale de la Chasse, held in Poland in 1934, a resolution was passed urging that all ships using oil be equipped with machinery to utilize the residue from the oil fuel so that it should not be discharged into the sea and that in all cases it be prohibited to discharge this waste into coastal waters.

The following resolution was passed by the members of the State Humane Association of California in convention at San Diego,

October 24, 25, and 26:

Whereas, Thousands of wild fowl are dying in prolonged agony on the shores of our own and other countries, from contact with the heavy, thick oily residue discharged by oil-burning ships, and

Whereas, the remedy suggested is calling a conference of the Maritime Powers, for the purpose of planning united action to compel all oil-burning ships to use mechanical separators to reduce the evil effects of the discharged residue,

Therefore, be it resolved, that the State Humane Association of California send an immediate appeal to our government officials urging "action and international action against the deadly pollution of coastal water by oil-burning ships," and

Be it further resolved, that we urge, through the press, radio, and our humane journals, the general public to make a similar appeal to our government.

What a splendid service would be rendered if every humane society in the United States would follow the example of this California Society!

## The Nation's Wild Fowl

GOING! Shall it soon be, gone? Only an awakened interest on the part of the non-hunting American public will answer this question.

We quote a few sentences from a notable pamphlet published by the Emergency Conservation Committee, 734 Lexington Avenue, New York City, entitled "The Shortage of Waterfowl." In 1911 there were 1,486,228 hunting licenses sold in this country; in 1922, 4,495,007; from 1928 on, more than 6,500,000. The United States Department of Agriculture, October, 1933, estimated that for every two ducks killed and brought to bag, at least one bird is crippled and probably lost. This becomes appalling when it is recalled that probably 15,000,000 ducks are counted into the bags of America's gunners each season. It means that at least 7,500,000 birds are crippled and lost. The Associate Chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey said in November, 1933, "As never before the future of our wild fowl is in the balance. Whether this great heritage is to be lost or saved depends now upon the support received from every American."

Here are a few of the reasons why the slaughter of our wild fowl has increased so appallingly in recent years: rapid firing guns, live decoys, now widely used, improved bird calls, improved blinds, extensive baiting, (scattering grain on shores to lure the birds so they can be shot while feeding) new roads built to formerly unreachable places and automobiles to carry the hunter in a few hours to ponds, lakes and marshes which it would have taken a day or days a few years ago to reach.

Shall 7,000,000 hunters wipe out our wild fowl and 120,000,000 other citizens stand idly by and permit the wanton outrage?

## What is the Answer?

ENGLAND has a law governing the practice of vivisection. The vivisector must secure a license to carry on his work. Annual reports must be made to the Government as to what has been done. The *Animals' Friend* (London) tells us that in 1933 there

were 605,240 certified experiments performed, of which 28,185 were with the use of an anaesthetic. Experiments on dogs and cats 1,929, horses, asses and mules 382; number of vivisections 1,647. The total number of animals used 14,086 more than the previous year.

Is not the layman in England entitled to ask, and the layman in this country as well (where no report is made of the number of experiments) if those numbers do not mean that there is "an extensive overlapping of effort taking place in medical research" and if it must not be true "that the practice of vivisection in many instances has degenerated from a genuine effort on the part of medical men to find the knowledge with which to combat disease into an inordinate desire to experiment for experiment's sake?" How far has mere curiosity been responsible for thousands of these experiments? How far is it true that thousands of experiments are performed over and over again each year to prove exactly the same thing when a moving picture, or a manikin could tell the same story? If only there were some way of telling, even approximately, some of the real gains to humanity from these 605,240 experiments on animals in England, and the hundreds of thousands performed in this country during the same period!

## Steel Traps no Help to Song Birds

WINTHROP PACKARD

Secretary, Massachusetts Audubon Society

During the campaign against the steel trap this last autumn, it was repeatedly asserted by our opponents that the fur-bearing animals so largely the victims of the trapper, were destroyers of the song birds of our country regions. No ornithologist of reputation would think of making such a statement as the following shows:

Steel traps are inhumane and dangerous to domestic animals, especially dogs. The only practical use for steel traps in any wild stretch of country is to obtain bodies of animals.

The presence or absence of these animals in a forest area has practically no effect on the numbers of the song birds there. If song birds are more numerous or fewer in a certain area it is because of weather conditions or abundance or scarcity of food and shelter which definitely and seriously affect their length of life and the success of their breeding, not on account of the presence or absence of steel traps, or the animals that may be trapped in them.

The administration of sanctuaries where over long periods there has been no hunting or trapping and careful tally kept of the song birds there from year to year, shows this. For twenty years the Massachusetts Audubon Society has maintained the Moose Hill Bird Sanctuary at Sharon, where during that time over a large forest area no trapping has been allowed. The increase of song bird life there during that period as shown by the daily observations of a trained naturalist is marked.

I believe that the opening of large forest areas to trapping will be a harm rather than a help to song bird life.

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 8—13;  
Humane Sunday, April 7, 1935.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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#### MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers . 14,371  
Cases investigated . 468  
Animals examined . 4,843  
Animals placed in homes . 75  
Lost animals restored to owners . 58  
Number of prosecutions . 8  
Number of convictions . 6  
Horses taken from work . 13  
Horses humanely put to sleep . 63  
Small animals humanely put to sleep 1,379

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected . 59,702  
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep . 37

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Anna E. Lanning of Boston, Violet A. Raison of Landover, Maryland, and Caryl Peabody Lovejoy of Carlisle.

December 11, 1934.

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in your will.

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53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager

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A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.  
H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary
Cases entered	856 Cases	2,589
Dogs	653 Dogs	2,107
Cats	193 Cats	441
Birds	8 Birds	31
Horse	1 Rats	4
Rat	1 Horses	3
		2
Operations	1,032 Alligator	1

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915	125,065
Dispensary Cases	293,484
Total	418,549

#### The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	121
Cases entered in Dispensary	369
Operations	197

#### MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

##### Summary of Prosecutions in November

For cruelly abandoning two dogs and two cats a defendant, who pleaded *not guilty*, was found guilty and fined \$10.

Two defendants were arraigned for cruelly driving a horse. They pleaded *not guilty*. Both were convicted of the offense and were sentenced to thirty days at the House of Correction. The sentence was suspended until May 15, 1935, upon payment by each of \$10 as costs.

A hit-and-run driver of an automobile, who injured a dog, was prosecuted for cruelty to the animal. He was found guilty and fined \$20.

For inflicting injury upon a dog by the use of turpentine, a defendant pleaded *guilty* but the court dismissed the case upon payment of costs of \$7.50.

Two defendants (chicken thieves) were apprehended, and arraigned on the charge of inflicting unnecessary cruelty and suffering upon forty-two fowls. The fowls were being carried in burlap bags and eight of them were suffocated. Both offenders were found guilty and were sentenced to the House of Correction for forty days.

In Holland a hunter must pay \$20 for license and prove he has bettered game conditions through the year: raised birds and released them, fed them during the winter or in some other way encouraged increase of wild life. Failing in this, no amount of money will buy him permission to use his gun.

—Animaldom

## The Defeat of the Humane Trapping Law

It was due largely to the confused and muddled wording on the ballot. The adoption of the so-called Local Option Trapping Act in the recent state election, which spelled the doom of the humane trapping law which had been on the statutes since 1930, was brought about, in the first instance, by what some have been led to believe was a very clever bit of deceptive cunning on the part of certain members of the Legislature and, in the second instance, by the unprecedented confusion which accompanied the presentation of the question on the ballot.

The Local Option Trapping Act was passed as an "emergency" measure and was thus put into immediate effect, although no emergency existed. It repealed the humane trapping law but re-enacted it subject to the action of towns and cities as one of the sections of the new law. It provided that any town or city might suspend this section by voting to do so at any municipal election and thus restore the steel trap within its own boundaries. It also repealed another hostile act passed in 1933 to which a referendum petition had been attached. By these devices, the framers of the law figured that they had devised a water-tight case of, "Heads I win, tails you lose." If the new law were to win out at the polls, then every trapping town could vote the steel trap back; if it were to lose out, then its re-incorporated humane trapping section would also be killed because it was a part of the new law. That was the kind of the legislative practice foisted upon the voters, and just before the election it was exploited with deadly effect.

Because of a serious defect in the application in the Initiative and the Referendum, every such question on the ballot must be preceded by a full and adequate legal description; and this description, together with the law itself, must also be printed on the official circular of information mailed to every voter prior to the election. Nobody, short of a Philadelphia lawyer, could understand this particular law, and the description which preceded it made matters ten times worse. The more the voters read it the less they understood it, with the result that many thousands having in mind the preservation of the humane trapping law voted "Yes" when they should have voted "No." To further complicate the situation, just before the election a certain "wet" organization published a big advertisement urging everybody to vote "Yes" on Questions No. 1 and No. 2, notwithstanding that the liquor questions involved were given no such designations on the ballot. The trapping referendum was labelled "QUESTION NO. 1" in black type, so thousands voted "Yes" thinking they were voting on the liquor law. Finally, when Frederic W. Cook, Secretary of the Commonwealth, in a radio talk, said that, according to some legal opinions, if the "No" vote were to prevail the trapping laws would be back where they were before any humane legislation was enacted, additional thousands of humanely inclined voters marked their ballots in the

(Continued on page 16)



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

#### Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

#### SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR NOVEMBER, 1934

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 964  
Number of addresses made, 419  
Number of persons in audiences, 72,690

### Safe Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill it in and mail it now. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or) The American Humane Education Society 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name .....  
Age .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

### The Work at Fez

THE American Fondouk at Fez with accommodations for at least 100 large animals, because of the devaluation of the dollar and the many contributors who have been compelled to reduce the amount of their gifts, is obliged to keep the number down to about 50. The 70 native fondouks where horses, mules and donkeys are kept are visited, however, each week and a vast amount of excellent work done in this way. Leaflets calling attention to the kind treatment of animals have been printed and are now being distributed among the French school children of Fez. They cannot be circulated in the Arab schools, but many Arab children visit the Fondouk and get an object lesson even better perhaps than a leaflet.

A friend has just written us:

"In the nearly two months I have been here, walking or in the native omnibus service, I have not seen one donkey with bleeding flanks, and they have ceased to use lame donkeys on the public works. The works are on the Piste Militaire about 900 feet away from us, and every load of the native palm has to pass our door. In the Medina, you may occasionally see a donkey with the sore the needles make, and yesterday in the Medina the director and the assistant manager of the Bank of British West Africa each confiscated a needle while out of the bank on the way to luncheon."

### A Tribute from Fez

WHAT deservedly amounted to a life work here in Maroc, arrived at the accomplishment of that effort on March 6, 1933, nearly a year after the death of the lady to whose inspiration and persistency is due the acceptance in Maroc of the Grammont law for the Protection of Animals.

Antiquated as this law appears today (it was enacted in 1850 A. D.) it is an achievement to force its application on all Maroc, while the country is still a Military Protectorate.

This lady, a Mme. Beesau from Rabat, (the new Capital of Maroc) from the early days of the war worked to insist on law and order for the animals of Rabat. Oct. 4, 1916, the Cherifien Government (Arab) authorized the formation of a P. des A. there. Eight years later, July 19, 1924, authority to arrest offenders was authorized, but no schedule of laws to be observed except as the mayor would enact very mild ones.

But Mme. Beesau never wearied of pushing the fight for the stabilized law of France, and it was legally declared for all French Maroc, March 6, 1933, nearly a year too late for Mme. Beesau to know it in this life.

Before her death Mme. Beesau had founded the Union Marocain for the Protection of Animals.

Mr. David L. McClintock, agent of the Illinois Humane Society, Mt. Carmel, Illinois, distributed 156 of our humane calendars in schools of Wabash County, through the generosity of a friend of humane education.

### Military Training in Our Schools and Colleges

A FEW interesting facts: A union, composed of independent students of the University of California, has been formed with "but one purpose: the abolition of compulsory R.O.T.C. (compulsory military training)." That this training should be voluntary is urged for eight reasons; among these, that military training is inconsistent with the purpose of the university established to teach men to serve humanity better and not to destroy humanity: that it violates the constitutionality of religious freedom, if one's religious convictions are that God disapproves learning the use of weapons to kill his brothers, he must abandon the conviction or stay away from the University; that the ordinary courses in physical education, it is agreed by experts, offer far better exercise than R.O.T.C.

Ohio State University seems to have started a system of bribery to induce its students to enroll in the military training courses. It has offered its sophomores free football tickets if they will take the training. To obtain these tickets the student must agree to wear the R.O.T.C. uniform at every game and to march to and from the stadium in military formation. In addition the faculty announces that no student will be excused from military training on the ground that he is a conscientious objector. The powers that be at the Ohio State University must be a warlike lot.

*The Student Front*, the organ of the University of Illinois Chapter of the National Student League, exposes the R.O.T.C. propaganda: "For the first time for many years the Military Department has thought it necessary to issue an Information Bulletin to all freshmen. Passed out to the freshman by the faculty advisors, the leaflet attempts to justify the position of military training in a university curriculum." *The Student Front* calls attention to a "misstatement of fact when the Bulletin claims that Federal law requires 'all male citizens ... to pursue the basic military course.'"

At Kansas State College a student, Raymond McMahan, has secured, through the courts, an injunction against President F. D. Farrell, from compelling him to take military training, though he refused on the ground of conscientious convictions. A strange feature in this case is that, while Quakers and Mennonites who are conscientious objectors are excused, young McMahan, a Methodist, is given no escape from the training.

On Armistice Day in Maine the Bangor-Brewer clergymen, together with several in Old Town, Orono and Hampden, united in sermons protesting against military training in the Bangor High School.

The Military Department at Washington is not training the youth of the country for peace but for war. The uniform, the marching, the band, the flying flags, the cheers of the watching crowds along the streets—this is what the military authorities show our youth. Never a word of the gun-swept field of battle with its horror of blood and dead and wounded men and trenches alive with vermin.

## The New German Religion of the Hitlerites

**T**WENTY-FIVE Theses have been published in Germany by Professor Bergmann of Leipsic University and one of the leaders of the German Nordic Faith Movement. With these Theses go certain "quotations." We select a few only, with a part of the accompanying "quotation."

No. 1. "We call it the German National Religion." Quotation: "In almost all respects Christianity is contrary to the German conception of decency and morals."

Thesis 6. "The German Religion is a complete religion." Quotation: "Christianity and Religion are today a contradiction in terms."

Quotation following Thesis 15. "The greatest sin perpetrated on humanity was the Jewish-Christian belief in Sin."

No. 16. "Those who forgive sins, sanction sins. The forgiving of sins undermines religious ethics and destroys the morals of the people." Quotation: "If Germany had been spared the Jewish-Christian ethics of sin, the moral face of the world would wear a different aspect today: the terrible moral decline of man is to be attributed solely to the morally wrong education which humanity received from Christianity during the last 2,000 years."

No. 18. "The believer in German Religion is not a servant of God but master over the Divinity within himself."

No. 19. "Those who love man must save him before he is born—not before he dies. No longer do we want merely to believe in Christ, but we want to be Christ ourselves and act like Christ, for ourselves, for our people, and for humanity."

Reading this last Thesis in the light of recent German history, facing the relentless persecutions of the Jews, the cruelties of the concentration camps, the brutal treatment of prisoners, the ruthless injustices from which multitudes have suffered, all we can say is that if this is to be Christ, to act like Christ, it must be some other Christ that is referred to than the Man of Nazareth—the Sovereign Lover of Mankind.



NO DISARMAMENT HERE

The porcupine has long, powerful claws as well as a battery of quill-like spines.

## The Story of a Galway Immortal

PAMELA HINKSON in The Irish Press

**A** HUNDRED years ago there died at Boulogne, in France, a Galway man named Richard Martin. He was then in his eightieth year, and Sir Jonah Barrington had written of him seven years earlier: "Mr. Martin seems to defy, from the strength of his constitution, both time and the destroyer. If ever he should become defunct, there is not a bullock, calf, goose, or hack but ought to go into deep mourning for him."

The list of his debtors is a long one, as his charity embraced all helpless and oppressed creatures.

He was, one has not to imagine, in many respects, a fairly typical Galway gentleman of the time. Descendant of one of the Tribes of Galway of Norman origin, he was born and lived—until he entered the English House of Commons after the Union, to fight amongst other things for Catholic Emancipation—at Ballinahinch Castle, in Connemara, in such security and isolation as a mountain barrier and his many acres of bog and mountain gave him. Within them was his kingdom, safe from the bailiffs, who, owing to his charity, threatened him more frequently even than they threatened his neighbors. Into this kingdom, he welcomed the victims of a religious persecution in the North. More than a thousand Catholic families who had been sent "to Hell or Connaught" settled on his estate, and were given allotments of land rent free for a number of years. The traveler to Connemara may still see at Ballinahinch Richard Martin's prison on an island in Ballinahinch lake, where he imprisoned malefactors, among others those he found ill-treating animals. Even within his prison it is recorded that his rule was a beneficent one.

Duelling was still in favor in Galway, and it was in this life that Richard Martin earned the nickname of Hair-Trigger Dick for his skill. He was a fighter, and he chose to fight for as unpopular, and, it must have seemed, as hopeless a cause as any man ever championed. He set out to make cruelty to animals a crime punishable by law in a world which had never heard of such a mad idea. He won, and Hair-Trigger Dick has gone down to history in immortal honor as Humanity Dick.

So far as public opinion was concerned, Richard Martin faced what must have seemed a desert, with only very few oases. There were, of course, always the idealists—lonely voices, crying in the wilderness. But Martin declared once that: "In the House of Commons, I am sure there are ten to one against any measure to diminish the sufferings of the brute creation." Outside, the Press was almost unanimously hostile. "Not a fit subject for legislation," was a phrase often used. But the Church of England, many of the dissenting bodies, and the Quakers, supported Martin, and sermons were preached in favor of his reforms.

During Martin's first years as a Parliamentarian, Wilberforce was making his fight for the abolition of slavery. He was, naturally, a strong supporter of Martin, as Martin was of him. Wilberforce got his Bill in 1807. Fifteen years later, Martin's Act was

passed—the first Bill to be passed in any country in the world, to prevent cruelty to animals.

There had been twenty years struggle for it. Before Martin took up the cause and became associated with it, Bill after Bill had been thrown out. When the Act of 1822 was passed, it only protected cattle.

Only a man of great physical strength (Sir Jonah Barrington refers to this) as well as great moral strength, could have persevered. Martin went to Smithfield, where calves were tied with tight cords, feet together, and about the neck, half strangled, treated as inanimate goods and flung as such in and out of vans, only big enough to hold half their number. One can imagine how their eyes were alive and how they turned towards Richard Martin. He went to the Westminster Pit, where dogs and bears and bulls were torn to pieces for the pleasure of the populace. He visited knockers' yards, where he saw horses, "some with their eyes knocked out, others hopping on three legs, all miserably maimed, and they had been for several days without food." He saw dogs and cats who had been flayed alive, and were still living.

His standing up in the House of Commons to speak on this subject had been the signal for laughter. One reason why they laughed was because this fight was fought in a rich West of Ireland brogue. So that that speech must be held in honor by animal lovers for all time.

He had to face all the illogical, irrelevant criticism that every reformer has had to face, only in his case multiplied a hundred times. Some opposed him as other reformers have been opposed, on the ground that his Bill did not go far enough. His Bills were thrown out amid mockery. He waited and brought them in again. They were crippled by amendments. He accepted the amendments. Any Bill was better than none, a step forward on the road, which he was making. If he could not save a thousand animals, he would save one. What has not been written of is, what he must have suffered in the saving.

He kept his sense of humor and, presently, they were laughing with him, instead of at him. He was 69 when the Bill was passed, and he set out to see that it was worked, where otherwise it might have been a dead letter; prosecuting, himself, and frequently paying the fines of poor people, when he had achieved his point, which was to prove the Bill, and the moral behind it. He had done that. Contemporary writers refer to the fact that a new moral feeling grew up after the passing of Martin's Act. He had made cruelty a sin and a crime, and that was his legacy to the world.

This "Wilberforce of Hacks," as the poet Hood called him, who had taken the pistol from Hair-Trigger Dick, so that Humanity Dick might fight the battle of the defenseless, died at Boulogne in poverty (no wonder) in 1834. A year later an Act was passed in the English House of Commons which protected all domestic animals.



## Coyote Decides to be Civilized

MRS. J. SHAFER

**B**ILLIE," a coyote, has decided to become a town dweller instead of a creature of the wilds. He is making his home under a manger of Mr. Ben Bosco's barn in our little Colorado town.

Mr. Bosco's occupation for some years has been trapping. During the first week of last April, when he went to inspect his trap-line a few miles above Silver Plume, he found in one of his traps a large coyote which he judged to be three or four years old. The coyote had evidently experienced want, as evidenced by the fact that he was thin and ravenously hungry, although he posed quietly for the accompanying picture.

Mr. Bosco placed the coyote in a cage, brought him home and deposited him back of the barn. He fed and watered the animal, which seemed not greatly disturbed by his imprisonment.

One morning, not long after this event, Mr. Bosco found the cage empty and a ragged hole torn in its wire netting. "Now Billie is gone!" he thought. But, looking about in the barn, he found the coyote lying calmly under the manger! And there the animal has remained ever since, only occasionally being seen as far away from the manger as the farther end of the stall. He seems to have a sort of savage affection for the man who liberated him from the trap, and who ever since has provided him with food, water, and shelter.

Billie is considered quite a curiosity by the townspeople and by tourists alike, who go to look at the yellowish gray creature that lies so quietly under the manger only a few feet from the stable door which always stands wide open. Chickens walk about, very near the coyote, but he pays not the slightest attention to them.

It was in late August that my husband and I went to see Billie, when he had been in his present home almost five months. He was in good condition, his fur was beautiful, his ears were alertly erect, and his eyes shone like orange fire. His master stroked

him and slapped him heartily on the back as he said: "Hey, Billie! How's Billie today?"

The coyote opened his jaws and gave a kind of hissing sound which might have been interpreted as a cordial response. At any rate, he made no attempt to bite his master.

"I wonder what he'd do if you pulled his tail?" my husband said, jokingly.

"He wouldn't do anything," said Mr. Bosco, and proved his assertion by giving the coyote's bushy tail a pull. The animal only looked highly offended.

The barn of which the coyote has taken possession is only a short distance from Clear Creek. Mr. Bosco says the coyote evidently goes to the creek to drink at night, as he seldom drinks any of the water which is placed for him near by.

There are not many dwellings near the barn in which the coyote has taken up his residence, hence he surely would escape some night and return to his old haunts if he so desired. He doubtless prefers his new surroundings, and does not choose to endure for another winter the perils of traps, the scarcity of game, and the bitter cold of the mountain wilds.

The above-described events prove that kindness may alter the habits and characteristics of wild animals. Incidentally, Mr. Bosco says that he has done very little trapping since the advent of Billie.

## Cruelty in Motion Pictures

New Orleans, La.  
November 9, 1934

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*:

Kindly allow the undersigned space to call your readers' attention to the following:

Because of the cruelty usually involved in the making I never purposely patronize a theater showing a wild—or domestic—animal motion picture. But recently, while waiting for the feature picture, I saw an advance showing of a new wild animal serial featuring a well-known wild animal trainer. I honestly believe all humane people will condemn this picture—"The Lost Jungle." Fights between lions and tigers—all, it seems, plainly staged—and other wild animals apparently predominate this terrible picture of animal misery and suffering. We have a most laudable movement to eliminate from the screen immoral pictures and why not pictures where animals are made to suffer?

A picture that would have offended an organized body of animal welfare workers was abandoned by the studio in question because they received a large number of protests.

Take the tip, dear reader, and let Mr. Hays and the Motion Picture people know you do not want to see any animal suffer by way of the motion picture. That's one way to end those vicious wild animal "thrill" pictures.

JOHN T. MENDES

What does it mean that nearly two-thirds of a million people have joined the Jack London Club, sponsored by *Our Dumb Animals*? It means just this: that there is a rapidly growing sentiment in this country against the cruelties connected with trained animal acts on stage and screen.

## Some Queer Fish

CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

**T**HE parrot fish is a peculiar fellow that chews a cud like the cow. He lives in the eastern part of the old Mediterranean Sea. In his mouth are pocket-like extensions where he stows his food, but when he reaches some quiet place he calmly proceeds to empty the pouches and to chew the contents.

The stargazer has an eccentric eye placement. With his eyes on top of his head he seems always to be looking upward toward the moon and stars. He looks at the sun and clouds too. Perhaps he relishes his name because it possesses a poetic quality.

But what would a stargazer do if he met a swordfish or the latter's close relative, sawfish? Either could transfix him in a moment. These fish often weigh five hundred pounds and attain a length of fifteen feet with the sword or saw blade approximately one third the total length. The swordfish has been known to drive his bony beak through the side of a boat. Its flesh makes fine food, and New England fishermen market more than two million pounds of it annually.

The electric eel and his cousin, the torpedo, are unpleasant fellows with whom to come in contact. The eel is a dangerous slim six-foot fish that infests the rivers of Brazil and Guiana in South America. It kills other fish and small animals by striking them with its electrified tail. Although the shock is not fatal to man, explorers of the continent heartily wish this fish had not been so highly charged with the mysterious force, which serves it well as an effective defense against enemies.

Down in the South Seas a certain fish about six inches long leaves the water when he feels hungry. He obtains his dinner of insects and worms on the beach. The flying fish also leaves the water in a sort of sportive play; he takes great leaps by using his taut fore-fins as parachutes. The mudfish is also a remarkable fellow. During the rainy season in the tropics he lives in water, but during the long dry months he encases himself in mud until wet weather comes again.

The sea horse has a head and neck like the animal whose name he borrowed. He swims upright like a man walks, wears a bony armor, and uses his tail in monkey fashion to anchor himself to sea weeds. Truly a terrifying monster he would be if he possessed size, but he is only an interesting four-inch pipefish who lives along our Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida.

A mile or so below the surface of the ocean are fish equipped with natural flashlights. They might be called the fireflies of the deep. Of course it is perpetually dark where they live, and they need their lighting system to attract other fish upon which they dine.

The porcupine fish is precisely what his name implies. He has quills all over his globular body. When some marauder becomes too inquisitive this denizen of the sea erects those quills and successfully defends himself. He might well be called the water porcupine.

A unique means of defense is used by the

squid. He has an ink sac in his body. If threatened with attack he clouds the water with this inky substance and easily escapes. Our navy used the same strategy by producing huge smoke screens from the funnels of its ships; the enemy is confused so that escape or subtle attack is possible.

The stickleback is a unique fish. He might be labeled the bird of the sea. He does not sing, but he builds a nest of grass and leaves and sticks. The nest would not stay put if it were not securely anchored; so the stickleback qualifies as a construction engineer by weighting it down with stones.

Though it lives in the ocean and acts like a fish, the dugong belongs to the order of aquatic mammals. Growing to a length of ten or twelve feet and having the habit of swimming with its head raised well above the surface, it is supposed by some scientists to be the original of the fabled mermaid which the ancients described as a woman with the body of a fish.

The shark is rated as the fastest swimmer among fish, for this tiger of the sea can maintain a twenty-mile speed. "He outstrips the swiftest ships," Goldsmith recorded in his "Natural History" written when ships were slow-going, "plays round them, darts out before them, returns, seems to gaze at the passengers, and all this while he does not exhibit the smallest effort to proceed."

## A Great Purpose for Pets

L. E. EUBANKS

THOUGHTFUL John Galsworthy has said, "Children can hardly be taught how to deal with the unsatisfactory grown-up to their own species; but if taught, as they easily can be, to treat birds and animals well, they will develop naturally a kinder and more judicious attitude in all practical affairs of life."

I have seen the truth of that statement proved a number of times. Naturally, the average child is more of a receiver than he is a giver. The child is cared for, but often he has nothing to care for, nothing to develop in him the qualities of management, responsibility and kindness.

Toys won't do it—or but to a slight degree. Even companionship with children of his own age may not be effective; it may, indeed, bring out the qualities of carelessness, selfishness and cruelty.

Providing a pet, to be strictly the child's own, is the surest way of all to make a little boy or girl thoughtful of other living creatures, unselfish and kind. While the adult is always immeasurably superior, and the boy or girl chum self-assertive and independent, the puppy, kitten or bird is, even to the very young child's discernment, inferior and dependent.

Of course, a pet will not do everything for a child that might be accomplished through his association with a human playmate, but the pet will bring out some desirable qualities not so naturally and readily fostered by playing with another child.

One of the most significant things I ever heard a child say was that his puppy sometimes tried his patience as severely as he (the boy) tried his mother's. No one can deny that the right kind of reflection was



THE LUNCH-TIME LOOK

going on in that young head.

I am sure that pets are justified as an educational influence for children, were there no other reasons for their existence—and there are many. I consider it very nearly as important to provide a pet as to let the youngster play with his own kind. He does not have to look out for the human companions, and maybe they "look down" on him; but the pet is dependent, its whole life is bound up in its little master; and that master is going to feel "big," important and responsible when he deals with his pet.

A certain farmer of the old school used to say that he raised hogs and children together for the benefit of both. When a litter of pigs arrived, each child was given a pig as his or her particular charge—and a baby pig is a surprisingly interesting pet. I know that the system worked well on the children, one of them became just about the world's most unselfish person; I know because I married her thirty years ago!

## Musical Mice

MRS. LELIA MUNSELL

There has been some excitement, recently, in different cities over singing mice. Superstitious people have thought that it "meant something," that it was an evil portent. Musical mice are not rare. There is a small "Old World" mouse that chirps and often really sings.

In "Notes and Queries," printed in London in 1857 we find the statement of a man who heard an unusual sound in a closet. "On searching" he says, "I discovered it to be a mouse in a china closet which, undisturbed by my approach, continued his twittering precisely like a swallow."

An article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, in the spring of 1871, tells of a Philip J. Ryall, of Florida, who heard a chirping sound in the night. He saw a small mouse emerge from the hearth and take a position in the middle of the room where it sat on its hind legs and sang a low, soft, warbling song.

It is also recorded that pets were made of these mice, and that they were placed in cages beside canaries. The result was some very pleasant duets. However, such caged mice usually died of melancholy.

## To a Puppy

HAROLD FALLER

*Who is the friend who can impart  
A love that never seems to fail?  
The dog! He loves with all his heart  
And puts his soul into his tail!*

## Animals in Bible Times

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

IN the far off Bible times many animals were respected and held in much higher esteem than they are today.

The domestic ass, for instance, was the honored animal for carrying official dignitaries—kings, prophets and judges. The camel was the sign of wealth, its flesh being forbidden as food, although its milk was drunk and its hair used for weaving into cloth.

The humble cat was then not merely a house pet. It was carefully fed and protected at all times, and held in highest reverence by the natives of both Palestine and Egypt.

Deer were revered as symbols of grace and swiftness, causing their name to be used as a favored term of endearment by young and old alike. The lion was then as now the symbol of strength and courage; the king of beasts as it has always been down through the ages.

Among some of the tribes of Palestine the ram was highly esteemed, representing the omnipotence of the Deity, despite the fact that Abraham offered this animal as a sacrifice in place of his son. The herding of sheep is one of the earliest known industries. Among the Hebrews sheep represented God's pastoral care for man, and were thus highly respected. Even today the ewe lamb is the pet animal of the peasants of Jerusalem. Like the lion, the unicorn was also the symbol of strength and courage, the term being used figuratively as descriptive of great princes and chieftains.

Even the predatory animals, such as the wolf, jackal, leopard, hyena, were respected for their evil ways in the animal kingdom. Rather than make them the objects of the hunt or the chase as in the present day, the natives of old Palestine permitted such as these to inhabit their own haunts unmolested.



## The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Nine hundred and eighty-seven new Bands of Mercy were reported during November. Of these 232 were in Illinois, 161 in Massachusetts, 151 in New Hampshire, 78 in Texas, 61 in Rhode Island, 60 in Florida, 58 in South Carolina, 45 in Georgia, 38 in Vermont, 33 in Pennsylvania, 32 in Virginia, 13 in Oregon, ten in Lebanon, eight in Tennessee, three in Palestine, two in New York, and one each in Colorado and Syria.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 205,779.

## Air Gun "Bandits"

HUGH KING HARRIS

Author of "Pepper"

THE day following Christmas I was surprised to note that the feathered flock usually filling the old apple and plum tree by the kitchen door, were conspicuous by their absence. Twice each day I had provided a panful of crumbs, or other feed for the birds, which had come to know this "supply station."

Where were they this bitter cold morning? Frozen to death, or had they found another feeding spot more bountiful and to their liking, than mine?

Then I noted a dead pigeon in my neighbor's yard. "Frozen," was my thought. But a moment later a crow on the roof of the garage limped a few feet, gave a sharp, scolding cry of alarm and I heard a ping—then the excited low call of a boy: "I nearly got him, that time!"

The mystery was being solved. Christmas gifts of air rifles. Three boys of fifteen or sixteen years, stalking birds up and down the back-yards. My sanctuary was being invaded by air gun bandits.

During the past summer I had noted a robin with a broken wing making the best he could of life; a lame crow, the one who stayed on through the winter, and frequently other birds maimed and suffering. It would have been easy to quietly summon humane officer King, to put a stop to the air gun marauders. Yet here was an opportunity for greater good. With no apology for the sparrow, whether it is a nuisance, or not—it is a living creature. Robins, finches, bluebirds, crows, song sparrows, feathered visitors who needed friends.

The boys knew me as a neighbor; I went out and managed to have a conference in the garage across the alley. Those new guns had been presented to the boys by their parents—"knocking off sparrows was okay."

"You chaps wait a moment. Keep very still." Wondering, they obeyed; for I had not admonished them as yet. The food by

my kitchen door, the boys out of sight, silence and the scattered birds gaining confidence once more, came fluttering to the feast. But it was not until the lame crow came down,—oh, so awkwardly, trying to feed itself, flat on the walk. A step and it would topple to one side, struggle to balance on one leg, and the boys were watching every move.

"Boys, an air gun bullet can kill a bird, or a very small animal, if the shot is accurate; if the first shot killed outright it would not be so bad, but eighty-five per cent of all hits merely cripple, or maim the birds. A broken wing, a fractured leg. Life just a struggle, like that crow. Don't you chaps remember the crippled robin that was here all last summer?"

"Sure, I saw him often," said one of the boys.

"Now let's take a dog. Suppose some man came along and gave your 'Laddy' a blow with a club, broke his leg, so he never did get over it, how about that, Harry?"

"Not so good," Harry scowled.

"You chaps are having sport, I know the fun it is to shoot, but why cripple the birds I am trying to keep from starving? Isn't it tough enough to scratch for grub with two legs, both wings, rather than broken bones?"

"Thunder, Mr. Harris, we never looked at it like that. There have been bounties on sparrows, they are no good," said George, the older boy of the trio.

"Killing outright, in a humane way, is one thing, haphazard shooting with air

guns, injuring or maiming is different. Use your guns on bottles, cans, throwing objects in the air, plenty of sport—but think of your dogs, or even yourselves, in the condition of the wounded birds."

That was the method, the direct manner in which I went at the problem. I wondered what the result would be. New Year's day I saw the three boys in a vacant lot near my home with a "rifle range," a swinging target, other lads taking turns with the guns—and when a sparrow perched on a nearby wire, not a single shot was fired at it. That's sportsmanship, I say.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.

## The Cat Fountain

ANTONIA J. STEMPLE

ONE of the pleasing characteristics of many of the cities and towns of Europe are the numerous public fountains. Most of them are not only of much interest and artistic merit but they have so much charm and appeal or so delightfully portray some bit of folk-lore that they have become world famous. The medieval cities of the Continent have especially pleasing and characteristic fountains. One of these is most unusual and invariably causes the lips of a stranger to quirk with amusement and to make instant query as to its significance.

This fountain is located in the medieval and extremely picturesque city of Hildesheim in Germany. It stands in one of the public squares where the market is held and it is known as the Cat fountain. It depicts a night watchman of the Middle Ages making his rounds with a lantern such as was the practice in the ancient days, while below him are grouped a circle of enormous, angry cats, defiantly gazing and spitting at him in a variety of attitudes.

The story has it that the cats of the city once upon a time made an agreement to attack their enemy, the night watchman, on a certain night in revenge for the manner in which he continually and relentlessly pursued them and unfeelingly interrupted their nightly serenades. But the little plan came to an inglorious end with the coming of dawn for the watchman refused to be intimidated by the wretched felines and drove them off. The cats of the fountain are well modeled and their attitudes are most expressive. Certainly the theme is an unhackneyed one and the fountain cleverly perpetuates a local folk tale.



CAT FOUNTAIN AT HILDESHEIM

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## The Child and the Year

Said the child to the youthful year:  
*"What hast thou in store for me,  
 O giver of beautiful gifts! what cheer,  
 What joy dost thou bring with thee?"*

*"My seasons four shall bring  
 Their treasures: the winter's snows,  
 The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,  
 And the summer's perfect rose.*

*"All these and more shall be thine,  
 Dear child,—but the last and best  
 Thyself must earn by a strife divine,  
 If thou wouldst be truly blest.*

*"Wouldst know this last, best gift?  
 'Tis a conscience clear and bright,  
 A peace of mind which the soul can lift  
 To an infinite delight.*

*"Truth, patience, courage, and love,  
 If thou unto me canst bring,  
 I will set thee all earth's ills above,  
 O child! and crown thee a king!"*

CELIA THAXTER

## Watching the Cedar Waxwings

JULIA K. BYINGTON

SOME beautiful birds known as cedar waxwings, with their several lovely shades of brown and the contrasting bright wax-like spots on their wings, proved irresistibly amusing to our family last summer. Four of these unusually tame feathered creatures appeared in our yard. Sometimes they seemed to have a head crest, making them look very perky and wise; then they would flatten it out so that it hardly showed at all, making them look so very meek.

The children draped long pieces of twine over a clothes-line on the porch and the waxwings eagerly appropriated them for the nests they were building in near-by trees. Sometimes a waxwing, in getting a last piece of string, would unknowingly pick up both loose ends and find himself hopelessly entangled. But nothing daunted, she dropped all the coveted material and made a fresh start, working until she was successful.

After the waxwings had taken more twine than six bird families could possibly need, the children mischievously decided to put out some gaily colored yarn—red, orange, and yellow. But those lovely birds could not be intrigued into furnishing their homes in such modernistic color schemes. Heads on one side, they looked the bright-colored building material over but stubbornly refused to take it. The minute a white string was offered, a waxwing joyously pounced upon it and away she would fly with it.

So much available material sent these stately birds into a perfect frenzy of endeavor in their greed. After the leaves fell in the fall so that we could see the nests, we had a great laugh at the useless string left hanging to no good purpose.

Can you imagine anything that would be more fun for a family than watching a lovely crested waxwing make a home for her babies? Try it.

## A Schoolboy's Odd Pet

FERN BERRY

YOU needn't talk about the cruel practice of trapping wild animals to one school boy who lives at Marion, Michigan, for he has learned to appreciate and love a member of the wild folk of the forest, and regards his pet, a grown raccoon which he acquired when it was but a tiny ball of inquisitive fur, as a real pal. It will play games with his little owner and with the family dog and has so many amusing and entertaining ways that it is a favorite with all of the neighborhood children. It is allowed to go about the premises and will climb high into the trees about the place. It has an amusing habit of washing all food before eating.



"Fuzzy" will wrestle with the dog or will sit up and take notice while his little owner, Norman Johnston, son of the superintendent of the public school gives him a lecture on good behavior. Fuzzy has never been inclined to "go wild" and is as gentle and well broken as a pet cat.

## Questions

MISS ROSE WEIGLE

*What's up,  
 Little pup?  
 Why that wistful eye  
 And that plaintive sigh?*

*Did a pal run off  
 And leave you alone;  
 Or cook deny you  
 That choice marrow bone?*

*Perhaps that soft nose  
 Has felt kitty's claws;  
 Or is the reason  
 Just simply "Because"?*

*Who knows  
 All the woes  
 Of puppy-dog life—  
 With sorrows it's rife.*

...

**RESOLVED:** That I will be kind to animals every day of this new year and always try to protect them from cruelty.

## Defeat of Trapping Law

(Continued from page 9)

"Yes" space, believing that half a loaf was better than no bread. Many newspapers favorable to the humane cause advised their readers to do just that. And yet the issue raised by Mr. Cook was by no means universally held by lawyers. It was a moot question. The plain truth is that the trapping referendum was the most grotesquely muddled issue that ever appeared on a ballot, defying intelligent action by the voters.

Friends of the humane trapping law adopted by an overwhelming majority in 1930 have the best of reasons for believing that there has been no change of public sentiment regarding that law, and they purpose to carry on the fight until it is re-enacted in simpler and better form.

The lesson to be learned by the Massachusetts electorate from this monumental miscarriage of the public's will is that the Initiative and the Referendum must be simplified in a manner to make ballot questions understandable.

## Annual Poster Contest

AN Attleboro jewelry company has just completed the new, special design for the medal that the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will offer in the annual school prize poster contest, to be conducted along the lines of previous years. The 1935 medal is 1½ inches in diameter, and shows a figure of justice holding aloft a pair of scales. At one side, is a lighted torch, while at the other a dog is looking up as if in appeal for fair treatment. Bronze medals, suspended by blue ribbons, will be awarded as first prizes, and bronze medals with red ribbons as second. Subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* will be given for honorable mention. As usual, these prizes will be distributed freely throughout the various schools competing in the contest. Last year there were 1,399 medals and 1,069 subscriptions awarded.

Full particulars of the 1935 contest are given only in the special circular which may be obtained from the secretary of the Society, but a summary of them follows:

1. The contest is open to public or parochial schools of grammar or high grade in Massachusetts only, closes positively March 20, 1935, results to be announced as near Be Kind to Animals Week, April 8-13, as possible. During that week, and the week following, the best of the posters will be on exhibition in the Boston Public Library, Copley Square.

2. No more than five posters may be submitted from any one room, teachers to make the selection from all that are made under their direction.

3. Kindness to animals should be the theme, preferably with a brief motto. The more original the design, the better.

4. Pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper (original, not magazine covers, etc.), silhouette, water-colors or charcoal may be used. Color adds greatly to the effectiveness.

5. DRAWINGS, ON CARDBOARD OR HEAVY PAPER, MAY BE NOT LESS THAN 12 x 18 INCHES, NOR MORE THAN 18 x 24 INCHES, and should be SHIPPED FLAT (never rolled), all charges prepaid, to reach the MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. not later than March 20, 1935. It will be to the advantage of contestants to send posters as much earlier than this as possible.

6. In the upper right-hand corner, on the back of each poster, must be written, legibly, the contestant's name, WITH FULL HOME ADDRESS, also name and address of the school, number of the grade, and name of the teacher.

7. All posters receiving prizes become the property of the Society.

8. Address all posters plainly, Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

## New Shelter in Washington

*Our Dumb Animals* offers sincere congratulations to Miss Virginia W. Sargent and her co-workers upon the formal opening and dedication of the new office and shelter of the Animal Protective Association at 5200 Wisconsin Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C., which took place December 8 last. We understand that this new building and its site were provided from personal funds by Miss Sargent and are to remain her property but to be at the disposition of the Animal Protective Association for an indefinite period. The Association, however, is in immediate need of funds to meet running expenses. During the first eight months of 1934 it rescued and collected more than 1,000 unwanted cats and 200 dogs. The great need of the Association's work in the nation's Capital is shown by the fact that dozens of stray cats are being rescued now from areas where Government wrecking operations are being carried on.

I believe in the extension of the Golden Rule to cover our poor relations, the animals.

CHARLES BENEDICT

### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

### FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

## Sport

JACK GREENBERG

*He lay in ambush waiting for a tread  
To slaughter at the coming of the glow,  
He laughed to see the trickling drops of red  
That stained her face then fell to kiss the snow;  
There was no sign of hatred in her eyes  
That seemed a portion of the morning blue,  
They stared and asked in innocent surprise,  
"What have I done to earn this blow from you?"*

*He was not there to answer or explain  
But to display an imitative skill,  
To satisfy a want that lives by pain,  
A savage yearn that never finds its fill.  
He was a hunter in the wood at dawn,  
She was the mother of a baby fawn.*

## Dutch Calendar for 1935

From J. Philip Kruseman, publisher, The Hague, Holland, we have received a copy of the very attractive "Our Dumb Friends Calendar" for 1935, with beautiful illustrations and humane sentiment on each of the twenty-six leaves. The days of the week are given both in Dutch and in English. The cover is adorned with a large picture of a magnificent cat. All the illustrations are actual photographs. The calendar will be sent to any address in the United States for \$1.75, and to England for 7 shillings.

## Humane Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. We will welcome your contribution. Please make checks payable to the Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

As the world is, hate is given freer rein (than love). Recently it reigned; and each half of the world besought the same God to help it kill the other half. We can hate enough to kill, but killing no longer solves problems, nor hating an enemy convert one.

PROFESSOR GEORGE A. DORSEY, Ph.D.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

Address all communications to Boston.

### TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

### RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining	20 00	Annual	1 00
Children's			\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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